



Printed by
Weston Adv. Agency
Milford, MA

Established
by
Edward
Sawyer
1973

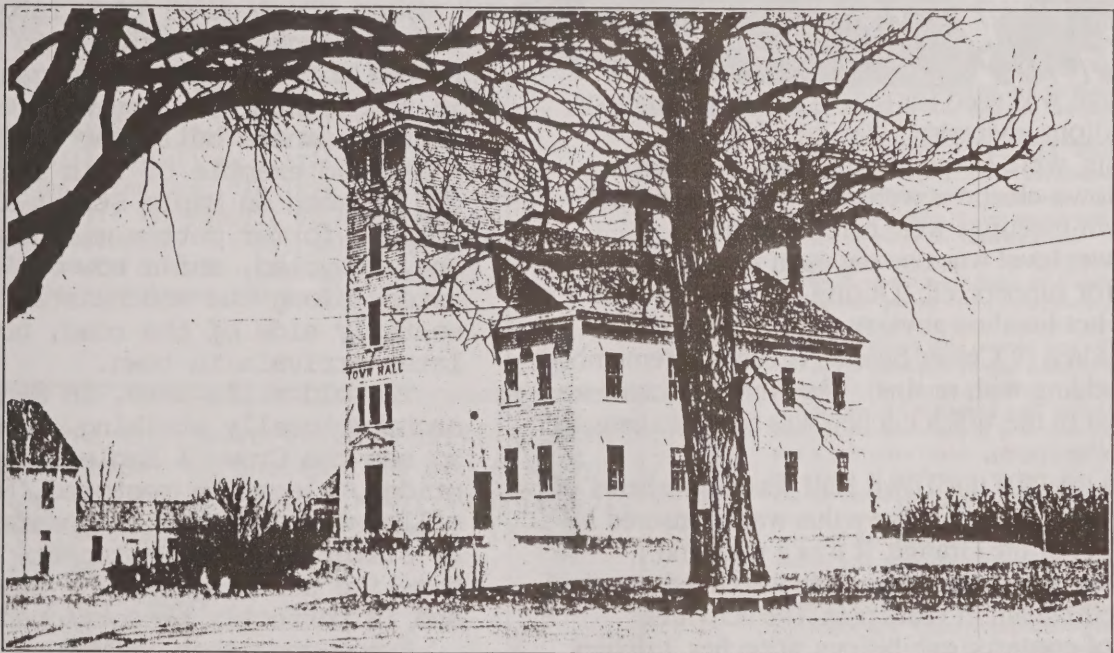
ISSUE
144

Springs 1999 Crimpsville Comments

Publisher
Bellingham
Historical
Commission

Chairman:
Ernest Taft

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



THE TOWN HALL, BUILT IN 1802

Before renovation of the Town Hall goes any further, we thought it might be interesting to reminisce about some of its past history.

When the building was constructed in 1802 at the cost of \$4,000, it was called a Meeting House. In those days, the term Meeting House was synonymous with Church. It became the meeting place of the Baptist followers in the town (before the 1st Baptist Church was built.)

Classes of school children who have visited the Museum can tell you that because of the War of 1812 rifles were stored in a section of the tower.... During WWII, the tower was fitted with a 'bubble' opening at the top and an around-the-clock core of 'plane-watchers' sat in this spot recording all planes that came into view. As a child, I thought this was very exciting! Imagine to be above and look down on the town's activities!!

For a number of years, a room in the Town Hall was used as the police station.

It was also used as a library for 2 years from 1928-1930.

Most all town offices were situated on the main floor until in recent years when the town burgeoned in size and some offices were then expanded into other buildings.

The upstairs meeting hall abounded with activities during the 1930s. It was the regular meeting place of the Grange(P.of H. #190) which was an active organization for many years....The Men's Club held a large banquet,'Ladies Night' in 1931.



The stage was used for school plays, graduations, and exhibitions...Minstrel Shows and church productions were frequent offerings...For many years, all town-elections were held in the upper hall and all town-meetings were held there also.

The lower level was one big open room that was available for suppers, etc. During the late '30s and early '40s hot lunches(govt. surplus) were provided for the children of Center School. (I can still remember the rice pudding with raisins). The dinners became so popular that in the '40s a kitchen was added to enhance the use of the room.

Also in the '30s the Town Hall was 'at the heart' of The Old Home Days. I believe this was sponsored by or an adjunct of the Grange. It was a weekend celebration and gathering of people who lived in or had lived in Bellingham in years past. The activities consisted of contests, exhibitions, speeches, trophies and culminated in a large banquet.

(Do any of you readers have any memories or knowledge of this affair? If so, please let us hear from you.)

Since 1802, or 197 years, the Town Hall has seen many periods of renovation. In that period of time the town has grown steadily and it would seem each generation has brought their own changes to this fine old public building.

If you have other memories of this building write and tell us about them.....Thanks....

ETA

Slow down--the thing you're racing to may not be as important as what you're passing by.....

QUESTIONS(?) & ANSWERS(!)

QUESTION: I'm planning on writing a composition on old mills. Do you have any suggestions?

ANSWER: Indeed we do, and we're delighted to see interest in this fascinating subject.

With the development of the textile and straw industries, factories were originally located along waterways. That means that if you are looking for them, many of these old buildings may be situated off main roads, and out of populated areas. Therefore, you may not see many of them in travelling around New England.

When steam power came into use, mills were no longer restricted to waterways, and became more visible. These can often be seen in town centers, along with the houses the factory owners built for their workers.

A good example of this latter condition can be seen on Maple Street in Bellingham, where a former cotton mill is now standing, recycled, and a row of "mill houses" extend along the southeasterly and southwesterly side of the road, now occupied by later arrivals in town.

The old mills were, in many instances, architecturally striking. You might want to see the Crown & Eagle Mill in North Uxbridge, elegantly restored. Not all of the mills were austere in appearance; the nearby Slater Mill in Pawtucket, although a box-like building has sweeping lines and is perfectly proportioned.

A now-gone shop in Medway, where straw hats and bonnets were once manufactured, was given an award by an architectural society for its appearance, and, in 1847 was considered the most beautiful mill in New England.

In being converted to other uses after the industrial collapse of the textile and straw business, a majority of the buildings were boarded up, radically altered by additions, or removal of sections, or in many cases, unfortunately razed.

But there are still many to be seen in our own area that are unchanged; North Grosvenordale, Connecticut isn't nearby, but there you can find some splendid examples of the glory that the old mills once reflected.

And don't forget the still-operating grist mill at the Wayside Inn!.

FDD

Sheriff's Sale.

NORFOLK ss.

January 8th, 1840.

TAKEN by virtue of several Executions—George Barber and others vs. the Bellingham Cotton Manufacturing Company, a corporation existing by the laws of this Commonwealth, and doing business in Bellingham in said County—All the right in equity of which the said Bellingham Cotton Manufacturing Company had on the Eighteenth day of November last (the time when the same was attached on meane process) to redeem the following described mortgaged Real Estate—

One tract of land lying in Bellingham aforesaid, on the northerly side of Charles river, containing half an acre and twenty rods, (more or less) bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake and stones on the road leading from the Hartford Turnpike, thence running northeasterly fifteen rods and fourteen links to a small rock with stones thereon; thence running southeasterly six rods to a stake and stones on the bank of Charles river; thence upstream on said river to the road aforesaid; thence westerly on said road to the bound first mentioned—except such portion of said tract as has been conveyed to Joseph Fairbanks—together with the privilege and right of drawing and taking water from said river (in preference to any other water privilege on the dam) sufficient to operate six hundred cotton spindles and looms and other necessary apparatus for making into cloth as much yarn as can be spun on said spindles, or any other works which shall not take more water.

Also, a Factory, Canal, and Waste gate, and Flume; the wooden dam between the Saw mill and Shop Flume to be maintained by the grantor, and the gravel dam to be maintained by the other owners of works on Charles River.

Also, another tract of land, lying in Bellingham aforesaid, on the north bank of Charles River, containing one quarter of an acre (more or less) with a Dwelling House thereon, bounded northeasterly and northwesterly on land now or late of Stephen Metcalf as the fence now stands, westerly on land late of Joseph Fairbanks, and southerly on Charles River.

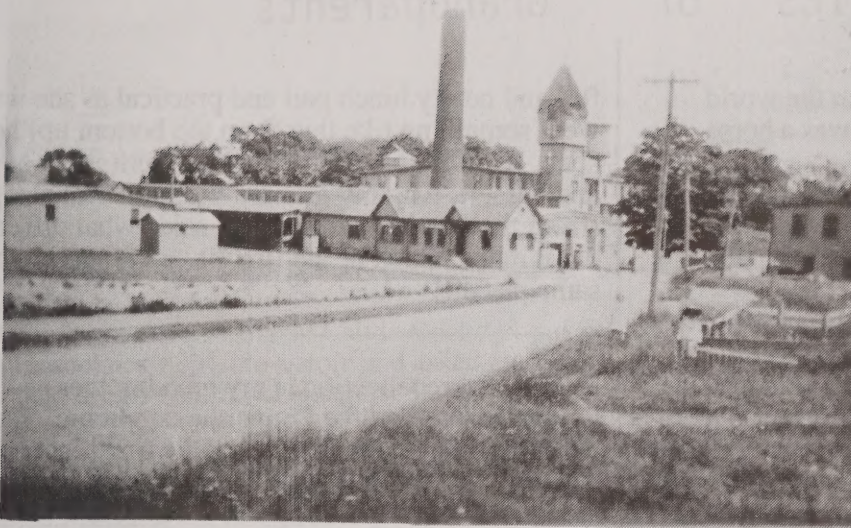
Also, one other tract of land, in Bellingham aforesaid, on the south side of said river, containing nine and a half acres (more or less), and bounded easterly in part of land now or late of Preston Metcalf and on the boundary line of Franklin and Bellingham; southerly on land late of James Mann; westerly and northerly on land late of Joseph Fairbanks, and on a road leading towards Franklin; northerly on Charles river—which tract is cut by two roads leading to Franklin—with all the buildings, fixtures, privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging.—Reference being had for an accurate description of the premises, to a mortgage deed from William White, to the inhabitants of the west parish in Medway, recorded Lib. 93, fol. 62 of the Norfolk Registry.

Also, one other tract of pasture and tillage Land, situated partly in Bellingham and partly in Franklin, in said County, containing twenty acres, (more or less) and is bounded as follows: Beginning at a Town road leading from Fairbanks' Saw mill towards Franklin, by land of Thaddeus Lovering; thence running northwesterly about seventeen rods to stake and stones, thence nearly in the same course to a white oak tree marked, being about thirteen rods, thence more westerly and southerly by land of the heirs of Joseph Fairbanks, deceased, as the wall now stands, to a black oak tree, a few rods from Charles River; thence north 75° east, one hundred rods and 12 links to a stake and stone, beside the aforesaid road, thence northwesterly by said road, thirty rods and fifteen links to the corner first mentioned. Reference being had to mortgage deed from Bellingham Cotton Manufacturing Company to Thaddeus Lovering, recorded with the Norfolk Deeds, Lib. 112, fol. 48.

And will be sold at Public Vendue, at the Store of said Bellingham Cotton Manufacturing Company, in Bellingham in said county of Norfolk, on Wednesday the twelfth day of February next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon.

Conditions at the sale.

NATHAN JONES, Deputy Sheriff.

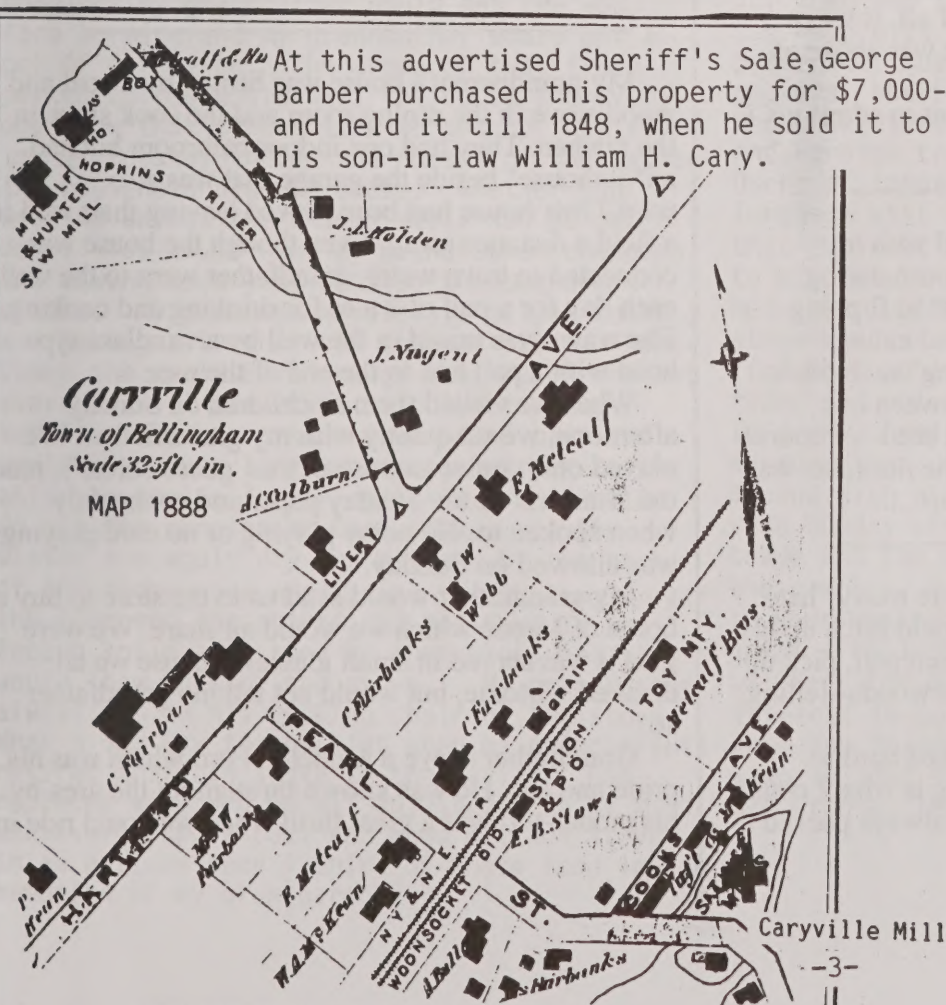


CARYVILLE MILL AND DAM PEARL ST.

The original dam was built in 1735 by John Metcalf to harness water in order to run both a saw mill and grist mill.

The Caryville mill was the second textile mill to be built in Bellingham. It was built in 1813 and owned by Stephen Metcalf. Part of this mill was used as a grist mill as well as a 'Trip Hammer Shop Flume', using local iron ore. In 1824, the original mill burned. The mill was rebuilt by Alexander Wright and Royal Southwick. It was sold many times until 1904 when the Taft Woolen Company purchased it. In 1920, the company employed 300 people.

At this advertised Sheriff's Sale, George Barber purchased this property for \$7,000—and held it till 1848, when he sold it to his son-in-law William H. Cary.



Caryville Mill

MEMORIES of Grandparents

I'm probably one of the few people in the world who is willing to admit his grandfather was a horse-trader.

Any kind of horse, Percheron dray, Morgan, horses for freight wagons, tipcarts, buckboards or light buggies--if you wanted a horse for a particular service, Granpa could supply it.

He found homes for aged horses that were too old to be of use any longer--some he kept on his own place, but most of them lived out their days at local farms where Granpa often supplied their feed. Some of these horses were retirees from the Boston police and fire departments.

In the days of express wagons, he supplied horses for local lines.

But Granpa's greatest love was horse trading. He could look at a horse's teeth, feel its legs, run his hand over its flanks and tell you the horse's exact age, its temperament, and potential for work.

When I was a youngster, I watched him haggle through many a trade. The trades were carried on with interruptions sometimes, when one or other of the parties would leave the scene in great dudgeon, only to return with a counteroffer, and the bargaining resumed.

Horse trading was a fine art and Granpa was a consummate artist. He loved the excitement of the trade, he loved the horses, and most of all, it was a pleasure for me to hear later on that he was above all, honest and respected in his dealings.

Probably that's why I'm not reluctant to admit my Granpa Mike was a horse trader.

I can remember "all the fun" we had with my grandmother. We loved to go to her house during watermelon season. She was a "master" at flipping watermelon seeds at someone. We loved eating watermelon, but had more fun "popping" each other. We'd sit around shooting the seeds between our fingers and WHAP!, you'd be hit by a seed--of course we retaliated and before you knew it the floor, etc. was a disaster. Oh well, grandma didn't care.....

My grandfather was a man who wore many "hats". One, was as a woodsman. Often he would hitch up his team of 2 big work horses, take his lunch pail, pick up a hired hand and be off for a day in the woods--felling, chopping and often clearing land.

As a young person, I knew he worked hard to accomplish all he did, but the following is what I could never understand.....My grandmother always packed a

full and hearty lunch pail and practical as she was--it went something like this(from the bottom up) hot soup, several hearty sandwiches, fruit(apple or such) and dessert. And my grandfather, practical also, ate (from the top down). He often said--what difference did it make which he ate first- it was all going to the same place!!!

My best recollection is my grandmother and her love of nature and the things she taught me. She would excitedly tell me when she saw the first bluebird or robin in the spring. She'd take me for walks in the woods and fields pointing out the different flowers, trees, edible wild greens, different birds and where they built their nests and the color of their eggs. I remember the aroma of sweet fern and sassafras tasting checkerberries and the sweet scent of wild roses and swamp pinks.

She taught me to listen to the summer sounds and identify the difference in the sound of a hoot owl and a screech owl....She'd often call me to see the big orange moon rising and later point out the milky way and the big dipper. On warm summer evenings she'd call me to sit with her on the back porch and listen to the katy-dids and bull frogs in the swamp.

These precious memories I'll treasure forever.

My grandparent's house was heated by a coal and wood stove in the dining room and the cook stove in the kitchen. They had one indoor bathroom but had an "outhouse" beside the garage that was also used. Their house had been moved leaving their well in a field a distance away. Even though the house was connected to town water, grandfather went to the well each day for a pail of water for drinking and cooking. The water was raised in the well by a windlass-type hoist with a pail tied to the end of the rope.

When we visited them as children on Sunday afternoon, we sat quietly with my grandmother. We played only quiet games(such as 'guess colors'), read the "funnies" in the Sunday paper and spoke only when spoken to. No noisy playing or no card playing was allowed on Sunday.

My grandfather would send us to the store to buy a bottle of Moxie which we would all share. We were glad it was served in small glasses because we all disliked Moxie, but would not tell my grandfather so.

Grandfather drove a Model-T Ford which was his pride and joy. He was known throughout the area by his model-t. It was a great thrill when we could ride in

it Of course, he cranked it to start the motor...

Do you remember MOXIE? At one time it was a very common soft drink.

A story goes that President Calvin Coolidge and 2 of his associates went into a store and asked the clerk for a cold drink. The clerk handed all 3 a Moxie. After a short time, Pres. Coolidge reached into his change purse and withdrew a nickel. Awestruck, it took one of the others to hastily pull out 10 cents to cover the other 2 drinks. Frugality at its extreme.....

Moxie is still on sale in a few places, but not at 5 cents a bottle.



Transitions through which children regard their father-----

- 4 yrs.--my dad can do anything
- 7 yrs.--my dad knows a whale of a lot
- 9 yrs.-- Dad doesn't quite know everything
- 12 yrs.-- Dad just doesn't understand
- 14 yrs.-- Dad's pretty 'old-fashioned'
- 21 yrs.-- That man is out of touch.
- 25 yrs.-- Dad's..."okay"
- 30 yrs.-- I wonder what Dad thinks about this.
- 35 yrs.-- I better get Dad's input first.
- 50 yrs.-- What would Dad have thought about this?
- 60 yrs.-- I just wish I could talk it over with Dad once more.

Anon.

ING FOR HELP?

I have many loving memories of my grandparents. Many of these memories center around the old coal and wood burning kitchen stove. Early mornings my grandfather would get the wood fire burning and my grandmother would put a pot of coffee on. The aroma of that fresh perked coffee would fill the house and everyone knew that it was time to get up. If you chose to stay in bed the noises of the awakening household did not cease. Whether you were up or not the chores still had to get done. You could hear my grandfather chopping and sawing wood just outside the bedroom window. My grandmother did all of the cooking and baking with that old kitchen stove. Sometimes she would burn orange peels upon the hot stove to fill the house with sweet orange smells. When my grandmother baked pies she would have them lined up on each stair to the attic to cool. In the early fall she would do all her canning on that stove. In the winter she would dry our mittens by the back of the stove. She would take the clothes in off the line and the shirts and pants would be frozen solid and stand by themselves and she would thaw them by the stove. My grandfather always sat in his rocking chair by the stove. What a sad day for us kids when my grandparents retired that old stove to the cellar. Gas replaced wood and we all adjusted. In my mind whenever I see a coal and wood kitchen stove in an antique shop I think of those fond loving memories of my grandparents.

WANTED, BOY- High school graduate to work in general merchandise store in a small interior town and learn to be a shoemaker. One who can help milk the cow and play in the town band preferred. Must be youth of clean habits; smokers, sheiks and loafers neednot apply. Boy who understands repair of Diesel gas engines and Fordson tractor will be given preference. Users of intoxicating liquors and profane language will not be considered. Boy who gets this job must not be too proud or aristocratic to mingle with livestock and chickens, and help out in the kitchen now and then. Tenor singer who is a good strike-out pitcher will find this an ideal situation. Must be an early riser and not afraid of work. You will work in a very healthful climate with beautiful surroundings, fine fishing and woodlands which abound with wild game and flowers. Horse to ride Sunday afternoons. Good chance to learn a trade and the principles of business and see the country. Must be a good salesman. Apply in your own handwriting, sending late photograph with 3 recommendations. \$12 a month to start for a live wire, with chance to buy interest in business. Employer can furnish room and board at \$9.50 if you will mow the lawn in your spare time. Address "Newton", c/o Orange, Texas, Texas Daily Leader.

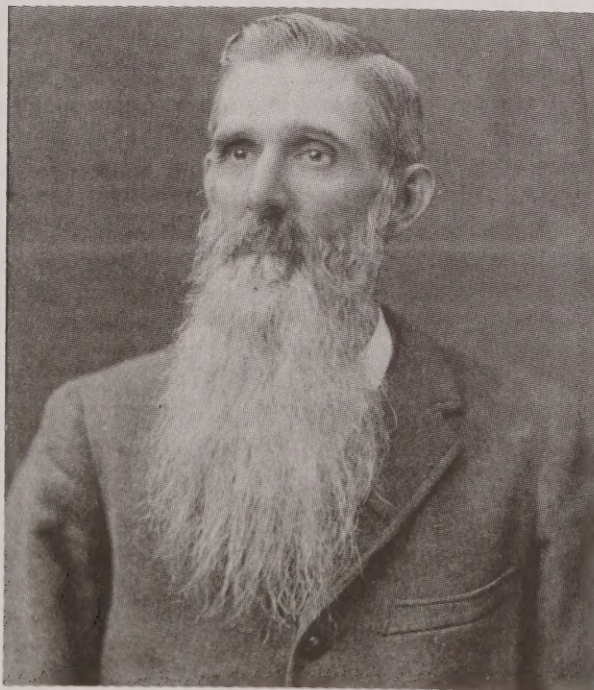
1925 Advertisement FDD

CHILDHOOD RECOLLECTIONS

guest editor of the past

We lived on a farm in South Bellingham, in Peter's River Valley, when I was a child. We were three miles from the Center, and used to drive there with a horse and buggy. My father and mother took me to Sunday-School at the Baptist Church every Sunday and sometimes visited my grandparents, the Seneca Burrs'. Allie Whitney was my Sunday-School teacher and we girls liked her very much. One text she impressed on me "Be Kind". The Sunday-School concerts we gave were always well prepared, with plenty of songs., and we thoroughly enjoyed them. One Children's Day Concert stands out in my memory above all others. As we entered the church, we were greeted by many song-birds, in cages hung along the balconies on each side, placed there by the teachers and parents. Many plants and flowers decorated the platform; it seemed truly heavenly.

Memorial Day was a very important day in our young lives. We were transported in barges from our schools to the Town Hall where the exercises were held; songs by the different schools and poems recited by selected pupils. Then we were escorted to the Soldier's Monument by veterans of the Civil War to place flowers there.



When I was nine years old I began taking music lessons of Miss Sadie Billings and we drove there. By the time I was twelve years old I was driving myself. One summer afternoon, on my way home, just as we started up a hill I saw heavy rain pouring down at the top of the hill. We were at a driveway of a house with an empty shed near it, so I said to Fanny the horse, "Lets get in under that shed and not get wet in that shower". We did, and after the shower was over we backed out and continued on our way home.

One big day at the end of each summer was the Bellingham Grange Fair. All kinds of vegetables grown on the farms, and flowers, cooking and sewing by the farmer's wives were brought in to be judged for prizes. There was a big round tent in the middle of the Common, a clamchowder dinner was served. Carroll White, on a big white horse, was master of ceremonies and directed games, etc.. The big chestnut tree offered shade on the common. One feature of the afternoon was the 'greased pig' race. The pig was well greased and let loose in the field while several young men chased it trying to catch it; the wild chase caused merriment among the onlookers.

Time passed and I was persuaded while in my teens to teach the Beginners Class in Sunday School. One little girl in that class stands out in my memory. She always knew the Golden Text, and could answer any question in the lesson. Her name is Esther Haskard, and she became a Methodist Minister. My last service to the Baptist Church was to play the church organ a couple of years before I was married and moved to a new home.

Vestella Burr Daniels

Seneca Burr

Representative to the
General Court 1872

Vestella Burr Daniels bathing suit,
circa 1910, is on display at the museum.



These pictures were sent to us by Hazel Forsberg. They are of her childhood home, a farm in South Bellingham. The picture with the people was taken in 1896. Willie A. Burr is near the horses. Alice Chilson Burr with baby carriage, in which sits a very young Hazel. Vestella L. Burr on tricycle. Also Katie, a helper, a girl from Nova Scotia.

OLD STORIES

Guest Editor of the Past

Old time New England farmers were always noted for their tall stories and this is one of those tales. This story is of a city man seeking country living and hearing of a farm for sale, he thought he would look over the place. Well, the farmer showed him around and the city man wanted to see every acre. "Gosh" the city slicker said, this farm is terribly stony! "Well said the farmer, "you just don't know about these stones". "You see, the stone's draw the sun's heat in the spring and help the soil warm up faster. On top of that, the stone's break down over the years and give minerals to the soil. They are really a great asset".

Burr Farm-Railroad St.

The city man exclaimed, "Your neighbor doesn't like stones very well----look at how he has them all piled up"! Thinkin' fast, the farmer came right back, "You've got that all wrong too----he just hasn't time to spread 'em yet".

John Lundvall

Below is a picture of Thayer's Store, directly across from the Town Hall, as it looked in the 1930's. Note: Socony Gasoline sign and large elm tree.(Presently Bellingham Centre Shoppes)





EDWARD FELIX SAWYER

1917 - 1974

Ed Sawyer passed away on February 2, 1974. Ed was the creator and founder of the Crimpville Comments. Through his efforts at historical preservation, led to the development of the Bellingham Historical Society. The society never quite caught on. But, Eddie never gave up, he continued in his efforts. His next project was the purchase through town funds of the Caswell House and property on High St. He began to have that home renovated and later on to be preserved for the headquarters and museum for the future Bellingham Historical Commission. Vandals set fire to the abandoned house and it was totally destroyed. That home and Eddie are both gone now but he set in motion the idea that history must and should be preserved. Once it's gone, it's gone forever. Memory is fine and that is the purpose of the Crimpville Comments, to preserve the written word and remembered thoughts. Our purpose here at the B.H.C. is not only to write the Crimpville Comments but to also preserve the artifacts that helped form those remembered thoughts. The B.H.C. has here at the museum 1,300 artifacts, strictly concerning Bellingham History. Each artifact is irreplaceable. The historical commission was officially voted on and began it's existence on March 4th 1974. Eddie never lived to see his dream come true. But he knew it was well on it's way. The B.H.C. was not to happy with the tearing down of the South School and we are not to happy about the future demolition of the Center School. We must remember that preservation must start at the begining. Demolition does not start with tearing down of a building, demolition begins when renovation takes place indiscriminately. Next comes modernization, then comes abandonment and finally neglect. While we understand that renovation must take place to keep up with this modern world and the demands that are placed upon us. We must never again let neglect play a part in the development of any public building. We have such a fine town but it can be embarrassing when you walk into a public building and find it neglected. Pride in our public structures and preservation should be first and foremost in our goals as we approach the year 2,000. Never again should we be burdened by our decision to tear down a fine public structure simply because it has been neglected and does not fit in with the plan of things. There is still one old wooden school house in town and that is the old_8-

North School. It is about 80% original and still retains it's 1910 characteristics. This structure 'does not fit in with the plan of things', and we are worried about it's future place in Bellingham's development. We would like to see this structure preserved as a historical school building with continued use as an Arts & Cultural center. With the demolition on the South School and the future demolition of the Center School, we have learned a valuable lesson. We do know that if we want to save and preserve the North School that we must start now. We must remember what Ed Sawyer taught us that once a historical structure is gone it's gone forever. This is our 25th year as the Bellingham Historical Commission. We will not fade away, we will not go away and we will not let Bellingham history die away. Ed Sawyer had a dream and we have that same dream.

Ernie Taft, Chairman
Bellingham Historical Commission

VOTING MOMENTS

Guest Editor of the Past

A delightful elderly lady whose charm and smile is always eagerly awaited no matter where or when in Bellingham....She's the Ambassador of goodwill and love of life and man. So entering the voting place one day she got her ballot and then her interest in people took over again as she went about talking with this one and that one. All the time she was getting nearer and nearer to the Ballot Box! She deposited her ballot and suddenly realized that it was completely blank! She had forgotten to mark her choice and now she could never do so. Embarrassed and despondent she had to leave in failure but she had provided a priceless bit of humor that will last far longer than her vote ever could.

Ed Sawyer

HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP!

A question was recently posed to us that the B.H.C. cannot answer. The question is 'What is the origination of the term tri-valley and why is this area called tri-valley?' We did note that there were several businesses listed with the name 'tri-valley' and we did call several of them up and posed this question. While we did not quiz all the businesses the ones that we did call did not know the answer.

Please address all answers to the Bellingham Historical Commission, 1 Common St. Bellingham, Ma. 02019

September 3, 1998.

BHC ACTIVITIES

The Bellingham Historical Commission was invited to set up a special Civil War artifact exhibit at the Hoyt's Cinema for the premier of the re-release of 'Gone With the Wind'. Eunice Nicholson and Ernie Taft pictured below participated in this event. Photos by Helen Dufresne.



UPDATE

By Memorial Day the old water trough located at Spencer Square in Bellingham Center will be returned to it's original site. Right now it is being restored by Eugene Gentes of E.L. Gentes Ironworks of Blackstone, Ma.



The Bellingham Historical Commission Museum is scheduled to open for the summer on Memorial Day 1999. If you or your group would like to arrange a private tour before then please call 966-5838 and leave a message. Someone will get back in touch with you.

WINTER STORMS in NEW ENGLAND

Though this winter(1998-1999) has been relatively mild for this area, we wouldn't want you to be blasé about it....In the past some harsh storms have completely immobilized the area.

In the 1920s, accurate weather reporting of storms was not available as it is today. We also recognize that methods of clearing and plowing snow have improved with the years.

With all that said, we offer the following pictures to refresh your memory.....

1920-1921

HEAVY SNOW AND ICE STORM IN SOUTH MILFORD AREA

(pictures courtesy Myla Thayer)



1978
BLIZZARD.....BELLINGHAM CENTER



The following poem was taken from the magazine-
Reminisce Extra. I'd like to share it with
our many readers.

MA'S OLD GALVANIZED WASHTUB

Did you ever take your Saturday bath
An' try to wash an' scrub,
While squattin' down on your haunches
In a galvanized washing tub?
If not, then you ain't missed a thing.
But now I'm tellin' you what's right
I done it 'til I wuz almost grown
An' every doogone Saturday night!

In summer it was bad enuff
But, in winter it was rough.
Spreading papers, buckets and kettles
An all of that sort of stuff.
Getting ready for that ordeal
Was only half the rub
Of taking' a bath on Saturday night
In a galvanized washin' tub.

Did you ever stand there stripped to the skin,
A wood stove bakin' your hide,
A dreadin' to put your dern foot in
Fer fear you'd be burned alive?
Finally you'd git th' temperature right
An' into th' tub you'd crawl.
That cold steel 'ud touch your back
An' you'd squeal like a fresh stuck hog?

Then you'd get outa the tub next to the stove
And stand there drippin' and shakin'.
The front of your body is freezing to death
While the back of your body is a bakin'.
Shiverin' 'n shakin', burnin' 'n bakin'.
That's the price I had to pay
That awful ordeal'll haunt me
Until I'm old and gray.

I ain't done yet...there's somethin' else
that I've been wantin' to say.
I was the youngest of all us kids
Who bathed on Saturday.
We all bathed accordin' to age
And I fell last in order,
Which meant I had to wash myself
In their dad-blamed dirty water.

Now, I'm a guy o'clean habits
And believe in a bath a week.
It helps to keep me healthy
And freshen my physique.
But if I had my druthers,
I'd rather eat a bug
Than to take my Saturday bath
In a galvanized washin' tub!

ON THE ROAD TO FREEDOM

In 1756, the General Court of Massachusetts,
received a petition from this town, praying to
be freed from it's fine for not sending a
representative,(which it had never done yet)
by reason of it's small number of inhabitants,
"by so many of their men going on the expedi-
tion to Crown Point."

In the year 1771 the town was fined 6 pounds
and in 1773, 8 pounds for not sending a repre-
sentative to the General Court. Up until that
time the 'Assembly' always remitted our fines.
We did select in 1775 Stephen Metcalf as our
first representative to the General Court.

Bellingham was very much involved at the time
of the American Revolution. In 1774, Luke
Holbrook was chosen as a delegate to the
Provincial Congress at Cambridge. On January
9, 1775 the selectmen openly disowned England's
authority with their resignation and 'disclaim
any Power of Authority held under Governor
Thomas Hutchinson.' The town warrant of 1776
was under a new name 'The Government and People
of Massachusetts Bay'. "July 4, 1776 Voted
that in case the Honble Continental Congress
should think it necessary for the safety of the
united colonies to declare them independent of
Great Britain, The Inhabitants of this town
with their lives & fortunes will cheerfully
support them in the measure."(Partridge pg.126)

"Listen my children and you shall hear of the
midnight ride of Paul Revere. On the eighteenth
of April in Seventy-Five".....As we approach
this day of recognition in Massachusetts with
the re-enactment of the battles at Lexington
and Concord, the following day. Did you know
that Bellingham 'Minute Men' answered the 'call
to arms'? The town of Bellingham sent 54 men
to fight on that fateful day. The alarm "The
British Are Coming" was spread by church bells
and other un-named riders But just who notified
Capt'n Jesse Holbrook to muster his men is not
truly known.

Do you know of Paul Revere's other ride? His
other ride, seven months before the call to
'Arms' took place on September 9, 1774. That
ride took him through Bellingham, along the
Middle Post Road.(Hartford Ave) He carried
the very important document "The Suffolk
Resolves" to Philadelphia where the Continental
Congress was in session. This very important
document helped open the door to freedom.

E.T.

THE STORY OF "TAPS"

Soon the Memorial Day ceremonies will take place and flags will fly at half staff, wreaths will be layed at the Veteran's monuments, the salute of guns and the bugler will sound 'Taps'.

The man we can thanks for 'Taps' is Daniel U. Butterfield. In civilian life he was an investor and successful lawyer. In 1854, he was a member of the New York Militia. At the onset of the Civil War he was a colonel of the 12th New York Volunteers. During the battle of Gaines Mill, he received the Congressional Medal of Honor. He was promoted to the rank of brigadier general, then major general. At times, he served as chief of staff to General Meade and General Hooker.

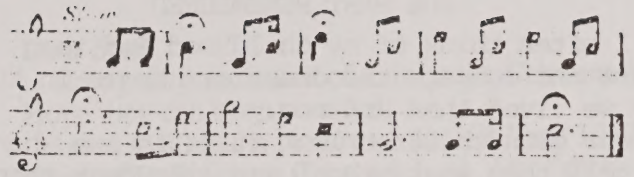
Butterfield was a man of many talents. A little known fact is that Butterfield was the originator of the 'shoulder patch' on military uniforms. He designed this patch to identify the soldiers of his unit. Military patches are now used by all armies throughout the world.

Butterfield had no formal musical training. But, he did have an 'ear' for music. Because of the lack of standard trumpet calls in battle, there was much confusion among his brigade. He composed trumpet calls, some were variations of the regular calls and some of his original composition.

In July of 1862, while with McClellan's at Harrison's Landing, Virginia., Butterfield was in the company of other officers when the bugler sounded the final call of the day 'Extinguish Lights'. Butterfield listened critically. "I dan't like the sound of that call" he said. "It's too formal. MOre like a trumpeting welcome to a foreign potentate than a soldiers good-night."



MAJ. GEN.
DANIEL BUTTERFIELD



In the morning, Butterfield scribbled some musical notes on the back of an envelope. Then he summoned Private Oliver W. Norton, of the 83rd Pennsylvania Infantry, the brigade bugler. Butterfield asked Private Norton to play the notes scribbled on the envelope. Not satisfied, Butterfield made a minor correction. Norton repeated the call. A few more changes were made. This new call was entitled 'Lights Out' but quickly became known as 'Taps'. Butterfield ordered it used as the last call of the day in his brigade.

This piece of unpublished music spread rapidly throughout the camps and within a few weeks it had been adopted by the Northern Army. Within a few months, this mystical strain of music drifting over enemy lines at night, became official in all the camps of the Confederacy as well.

Twenty-five years after the battle of Gettysburg, a reunion of veterans of both North and South took place there. There was much bitterness on both sides as the veterans visited familiar fields that brought back such tragic memories. It appeared that this reunion might fail of it's purpose.

Late on the second day, a bugler, went to Little Round Top, stood at attention, raised his trumpet to his lips and blew 'Taps'. As the notes sounded over this memorable battlefield, from Cemetery Ridge to echo across Willoughby Run, re-echo on Culp's Hill, along McPherson's Ridge and then drifting over Big Round Top., every veteran came to attention..listening. As the last note had died away, also had much harshness and bitterness, softening attitudes were everywhere apparent. Soon the talk of victory or defeat were gone, there were no longer any 'sides' at this reunion. Daniel Butterfield was present at this reunion and the sounds of taps by this unknown bugler had a definite effect upon him. In General Butterfield's own words he wrote, "Somehow in a way I cannot explain, it removed from my mind the last trace of bitterness carried over from the battlefield. When I reached Little Round Top I saw no blue or gray uniform, just....old comrades."

E.T.

THE PAST REMEMBERED

I often think of my childhood and teen years and compare the drastic changes in the way we lived then and now.

Our grandchildren look at us in awe when we tell them what school was like back then. There were two grades in one classroom, a strict dress code, a teacher who was a severe disciplinarian, a prayer and exercises every morning and taking our lunch to school.

Most mothers didn't work. Fast food was unheard of - mother always did the cooking, baking, washing, ironing, sewing, mending, and 101 other household duties. She was there to help with homework, teach her daughters how to knit, crochet, cook etc. She had time to teach her children table manners, what was acceptable or unacceptable in their behavior, speech, dress etc. You never heard a youngster use foul language. There were no day care centers. If mother had to work, a grandparent was the baby sitter - more often than not, a grandmother who lived with the family.

Folks had only one car in the driveway and if one lived in town they didn't own a car, they walked, took a bus or hired a taxi. The latter was a luxury.

There were no automatic washers, dryers, wash and wear clothes, touch tone telephones, calculators, computers, sound systems, malls, laser surgery, plastics, thermopane windows, power lawnmowers, snow blowers, electric heat and many other modern conveniences.

Folks dressed up to go to church, no jeans or shorts and women wore dresses, hats and gloves. Even to go shopping a woman dressed up. If one was going to the city or traveling, a hat was a must. Dresses were stylish and feminine. When a young man took a girl out for the evening, both wore their Sunday best. Men had respect for the female sex. They were courteous, never used foul language when in their company and were every inch gentlemen and the girls were ladies. Curfews were adhered to by the young couple.

A man's or boy's hat was always removed when entering a home and young people were taught to stand when an older person entered the room. Children were taught to be quiet when in the company of adults and never to interrupt a conversation. Parents and teacher's word was law and one didn't contradict it or there was a 'price to pay'!

Other people's property was respected and the Golden Rule was enforced at home and in school. A spanking wasn't a criminal offence and if a youngster was unruly they usually got one and neighbors didn't report it to D.S.S.

It was a slower pace of life. We didn't miss what we never had. Kids made their own fun, mothers weren't chauffeurs for them - most mothers didn't drive.

Music and movies were not offensive, Road rage was unknown because there wasn't much traffic, especially in Bellingham.

Those of us who grew up in that era look back fondly at that slower pace of life. We did without all the modern conveniences but we didn't know it. We made the best of what we had and thought we were lucky. We didn't do without because everyone was 'in the same boat'. Maybe our grandchildren think we grew up in the dark ages but it was a happier time. Families had meals together, conversed in the evening, played games, did puzzles etc. and enjoyed each other's company. It was a wonderful era to grow up in.

F.M.M.

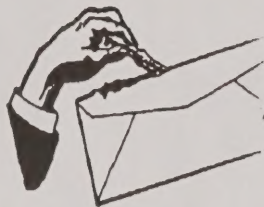
DONATIONS

Millie & Carleton Patrick
Jennie Kozak
Walter & Constance Sawyer
Genevieve Gardner
June(Hall) Merrick
Ernest & Rita Sawyer
William Chattaway
David & Elizabeth Andrews
Edith(Bates) Sanderson
Maurice & Mary Gregoire

DEATHS

Michalina (Lena) Murray
Marguerite (Cooke) Burndt
Ann Marie (Dore) Tuttle
Kenneth D. Udstuen
James H. Becker
Juliette Y. Lauzier
Leopold J. Contois
Virginia Anne Toddie
Joseph P. Murphy
Richard L. Barrese
Barbara A. Bittokeleit
Jean L. Ivers
Stella S. Armstrong
Rita M. FitzGerald
Rachel Landry
Florence E. Pleau
Stephen Nadolny

Letters... We get letters...



Dear Ernie,

Hello! I met you in late June at the reunion of the COOK family.

I am sending you a copy of a newspaper article about Proctor Prosper Cook. (next issue) We spoke of him that day.

Do you remember that I spoke to you about the 1898 graduation class picture that you had in the display case? Jenny Cook was the mother of a friend of mine. At a luncheon we discovered that we both had Cook ancestors from Franklin, MA. My line comes down to Jerah and then to Samuel.

You mentioned that it might be possible to get a copy of that large picture of graduates, also an individual picture of Jenny. Could you let me know how to pursue this. Would you like a check in advance?

My friend has a cross made from the timbers of The First Baptist of Bellingham. There is a papaer that came with it in 1954 explaining about it. She is going to give it to me-I'm not sure when. Would the Historical Commission like it or do you have one of them already?

Many,many thanks for the time you spent with our COOK group in June. I am enclosing aSASE and some money to cover copy costs. Could you send me the 8-9 pages on the SCOTT family in the History of Bellingham? Thanks again.

Barbara Saabye

Dear Historical Commission;

My mother, Corona Crooks, died on November 20. She had been a resident of the town for over 60 years. She always looked forward to receiving her copy of Crimpville Comments--as do I.

Please accept this small donation, and keep up your good work. Sincerely,
Constance Crooks Sawyer

"I really enjoy Crimpville Comments!!!!
William Chattaway

Dear Staff,

Enjoy all your issues of Crimpville Comments. Hope they can keep coming!

Issue #140 had a picture of the 1937 and 1938 class of Bellingham Center School. After showing this picture to my sister-in-law, Louise Tuttle, we both agreed that the tall boy, third from the right was her brother and my husband, Stanley Gardner.

Many thanks!!!

Genevieve Gardner

To Whom It May Concern,

I am part of a team, which is currently researching the 18th Massachusetts Infantry, a Civil War regiment.

Our goal is to publish a history of the 18th Massachusetts, following completion of our research, which we anticipate will take approximately two years. As part of our efforts we are contacting Historical societies and libraries in those towns which contributed men, in hope that more information may be available which could assist our research. To this end, I am inquiring whether your historical society has information in the form of diaries, letters, or memoirs written by men who served with this regiment. If information were available would you please advise as to how it might be obtained, either through the mail or a personal visit to the Society.

Any assistance or advice you might be able to furnish would be sincerely appreciated.

Respectfully,

Donald Thompson

(Can you help??)

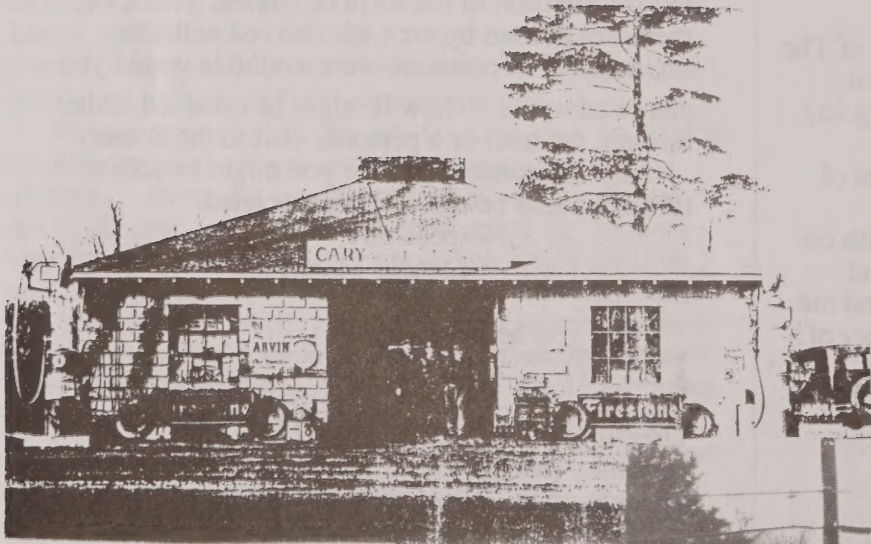
Greetings-

Enjoy reading the Crimpville Comments as I was brought up in Bellingham, so keep them coming.

Please find small donation for printing and postage.

Edith(Bates) Sanderson





CARYVILLE GARAGE

BEFORE 1930

1998 AFTER

